BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 10255 737 6

No. 38476.12

GIVEN BY

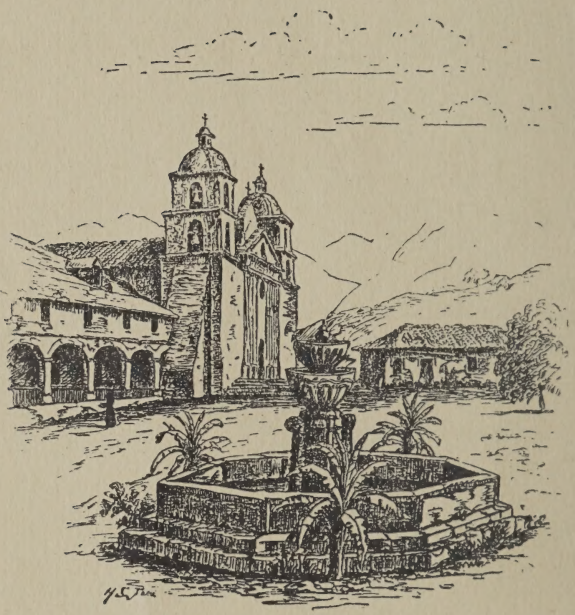
Allen A. Brown.

1910
M R DEC 21
NOV 18
APR 9

3846.12

ART TREASURES
THE YOSEMITE
SANTA BARBARA

JULIUS STARKE



OLD MISSION—SANTA BARBARA.
ESTABLISHED 1786.

CALIFORNIA WOODS

THE FIBRE OF ROOTS AND TRUNKS—TREASURES OF THE CAYUMA VALLEYS—INDIAN TRAITS AND MONUMENTAL PILES—NOJOMU AND NOJOQUI—THE PECULIAR BEAUTY OF THE LOVELY SANTA YNEZ—SANTA BARBARA AND SURROUNDINGS

3846.12

GRANDEUR OF THE YOSEMITE

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE VALLEY

AND THE

MARIPOSA BIG TREE GROVE

BY

JULIUS STARKE

THE ART WOODWORKER OF SANTA BARBARA

SAN FRANCISCO

C. A. MURDOCK & CO., PRINTERS

1893

Art Woods.

The following list of woods are those principally used in our wood-work:

1. Arrowwood — *Frangula Californica.*
2. Buckthorn—*Rhamnus Californica.*
3. Lilac—*Ceanothus Spinosus.*
4. Buckeye — *Æsculus Californica.*
5. Manzanita — *Arctostaphylos Glauca.*
6. Nutmeg—*Torreya Californica.*
7. Maple—*Acer Macrophyllum.*
8. Juniper — *Juniperus Occidentalis.*
9. Spicewood—*Calycanthus Occidentalis. Umbellularia Californica?*
10. Big Tree—*Sequoia Gigantea.*
11. Agath Wood — *Garrya Fremontii.*
12. Mountain Mahogany — *Cercocarpus Ledifolius.*
13. Mahonia—*Berberis Pinnata.*
14. Toyon — *Heteromeles Arbutifolia.*
15. Weeping White Oak—*Quercus Lobata—Roble.*
16. California Black Oak—*Quercus Kelloggii.* *
17. Douglass Spruce—*Abies Douglasii.*
18. Sugar Pine — *Pinus Lambertiana.*
19. Redwood — *Sequoia Sempervirens.*
20. Sycamore—*Platanus Racemomosa—Aliso.*
21. Tamania (Kamani of the Hawaiians and Tahitians?) **
22. Pepper Tree—*Schinus Molle.*
23. Osage Orange — *Maclura Aurantiaca.*
24. Orange—*Citrus Aurantium.*
25. Lemon—*Citrus Limonum.*
26. Apricot—*Prunus Armeniaca.*
27. Almond—*Amygdalus Communis.*
28. Wild Coffee — *Rhamnus Californica—Yerba Oso.*
29. Cottonwood—*Populus Trichocarpa.*
30. Ironwood—*Olneya Tesota.*
31. Madrona—*Arbutus Menziesii.*
32. Yew—*Taxus Brevifolia.*
33. Tulip — *Liriodendron Tulipifera.*
34. English Walnut—*Juglans Regia.*
35. Mangla—*Rhus Integrifolia.*
36. Acacia.
37. Palm (Date)—*Phœnix Dactylifera.*
38. Wild Cherry — *Prunus Ilicifolia.*
39. Wild Horse-chestnut — *Æsculus Californica.*
40. Toex ("Tou" of the Tahitians?) ***
41. Iron Wood — *Lyonothamnus Asplenifolius.*

---

* *Quercus Agrifolia*, or the common live oak, is the *Encino* of the Spanish.

** No. 21 is probably *Calophyllum Inophyllum*, of botanists, common throughout tropical Asia and Polynesia, highly esteemed by the natives of those regions for its timber and for the medicinal properties of the oil expressed from the nuts. (L. G. Y.)

*** No. 40. This is probably the *Cordia Subcordata*, called by the Tahitians "Tou," by the Hawaiians "Kou," which was formerly much planted by the natives round their houses, but is now nearly exterminated by the ravages of a small moth. It ranges from the Hawaiian Islands (where it was introduced) to Madagascar and Zanzibar. (L. G. Y.)

Art Treasures.

THOSE artists who go to Nature to seek for the beautiful always come back full-handed. Whether we look at her treasures superficially or with the scientist's microscope, there is a gracefulness in structure and richness in coloring that art may envy but never excel.

In no place is an artist or artisan more freely rewarded than in our California forests. The grace of the foliage and the characteristic contour of the trees glow on many a painter's canvas, but few recognize the fact that the woody fibre of the roots and trunks, when manipulated by a skillful workman, present as charming lines and lovely colors as the most delicate flower which grows by their side. It is well known that the same species of wood are richer in color in California than in our Eastern States, especially that which grows in wild, rugged regions; their growth in such positions being necessarily slower.

There is a romantic spirit of adventure in the pursuit of these growing trophies, and to perfect a form of beauty from the rough natural wood requires keen sympathy and knowledge of nature and her moods. He who would gather these choice mosaics from the mountains' children, must know the secret of the falling sap, disregard her frown, and push forward, notwithstanding the spitting of the threatening snow, and the clutching of the thorny branches which seem to long to tear him to atoms for his rude invasions, and snatch his treasures, with the aid of axe, shovel and saw, his gun lying cocked beside him to defend him from the grizzly bear or the California lion, enraged at the presence of humanity so near his lair. After his panier is filled, it must be taken home, and by long continued drying and skillful polishing he brings out the rippling curves of the grain and the intermingling hues, as delicate and brilliant as a scheme upon an artist's easel.

Let us go with our skillful wood-worker from Santa Barbara to

the interior to help him gather his year's supply. We must start at once, for it is the season for the trees to begin their winter's rest. Our four mules are ready, two for riding and two for pack animals, on which we concentrate our hard-tack, beans, bacon, flour and tools, to which are added tobacco and whisky, in case of emergency,—and this is a trip of emergencies,—and when we have strapped our saddles over our blankets, we turn our faces northward, and amble forward up the coast.

Passing through the suburbs of the town we overtake King Justo. His portly form swings along the road with a hunter's stride, his wife walking along behind him, lugging a heavy basket. Although we question him, the last of his race has little knowledge of the other wild monarchs we are searching for. I fear, like the last of many things, he is but dregs.

We stretch ourselves for a noonday siesta under the spreading arms of the live oak (*Quercus Agrifolia*),—the *Encino*, as the Spaniards call it. This oak is esteemed above all others by campers, as it is the only tree not infested with vermin. The limbs of the white oak are liable to snap off during the warm summer months, but the live oak spreads its long branches overhead like cathedral arches, and gives a cleanly, grateful shade to the wayfarer who seeks its shelter.

We spur along toward the Gaviota, to be ready to collect our woods early in the morning. We catch a glint of the setting sun through the rugged walls of the Pass. The verdure here is of a shrubby character. The wild coffee is very abundant,— *Yerba Osa* (bear-berry), probably called so because the berry is so bitter that even an insane bear would not be tempted to eat one. The Californians use a decoction of the leaves as an andidote to poison-oak.

The following morning we fight our way through the dense chemisal of lilac. The so-called lilac (*Ceanothus*) is a striking feature of our woods. In the spring it is covered with tufts of delicate blossoms, ranging in color from white to a dark purple, according to the species. Botanists have named and described about twenty species of Ceanothus as growing in California. They vary in height from less than two feet, to twenty feet high; the flowers are of various shades of blue to white. In many places the growth is so heavy the hunter cannot force his way through

without a tribute of portions of his clothing. There are large growths of it in Montecito, where the trunks are used for posts in fencing, while the roots make fine firewood. The grain of the wood is beautiful, very durable and capable of a fine polish.

We also find what the Californian calls the *toyon*, or, as we commonly say, the Christmas-berry, a California holly, in the Pass. It is already quite red with berries. We approach with apprehension a toyon when in a region of the grizzly, for they gormandize in the season of that fruit, and this partiality is well known to the cautious hunter, who goes carefully toward a toyon, not certain but that there is a bear on the other side.

To gain the summit we have the choice of two trails, the Nojomu, which, translated, means to the right, and the Nojoqui, to the left. As we wish to see the famous falls, we take the Nojoqui.

We see everywhere traces of the Indians. This was a favorite resort for the Indians of the coast during the acorn season. They would come to Nojoqui and live on acorns till their digestive organs were so impaired they were obliged to return to their native shore, blubber and shell-fish, to counteract the effects of the astringent nut. We see evidences of many holes in which the acorns were prepared for food. The holes were made in the shape of a large bowl, filled with shelled acorns and water poured over them, which trickled through into the adobe soil, carrying with it the greater part of the tannin, leaving the nuts very palatable.

Now we reach the summit, and look into the Santa Ynez. We see here, as we have seen before, where an Indian trail crosses the summit of a mountain, a pile of rocks. It is a monument to travel. Each Indian as he crossed a mountain registered the fact by adding a stone to the cairn thrown together by those who passed before.

Near Nojoqui is one of the finest sycamore groves in the county. The Spanish call the sycamore by the musical name *aliso*, while a grove is called *alisal*. The thirsty traveler will urge his beast forward with renewed courage at the sight of sycamores, for they are a certain indication of water.

The grain of the sycamore is remarkably straight, and one can split from it great white flakes, often useful when the camper seeks an addition to his regular tin mess-plate. This tree has one disa-

greeable friend, however, a brown tick, extremely poisonous, making a very painful sore. It is wiser to seek the shelter of the live oak than to run the risk of making the acquaintance of this undesirable insect. We here add to our collection the white oak, or, in Spanish, *roble*, and the Mahonia, or *Berberis Pinnata*, which has wood as yellow as gold.

We will not linger in the Santa Ynez although its picturesque Mission and fertile fields are charming enough to make one forgetful of duties unfulfilled.

Our destination is the Cuyamas. So, following the valley of the Zaca nearly to its head waters, we strike across the country to the Tinaquaic, down the Tinaquaic to the Sisquoc, and down the Sisquoc to the mouth of the Cuyama. Here we turn and go up the Cuyama. It is almost literally going up the stream, for the road crosses and recrosses more times than one would care to count.

We now reach the prettiest and most romantic valley scenery in the county. This valley was formerly the stronghold of Indian horse thieves. They would make a raid on Santa Maria, steal what horses they could, run them up the Tepusquet cañon and—eat them. The valley now supports millions of honey bees. Had this been so in the days of the horse-eating Indians, what feasts of horseflesh and honey might have been held.

Even now we will have a feast of game—quails, of which there are flock after flock, and hundreds in each flock. Not a very exciting bird to hunt; but this is a very good market at which to get a delicious dinner. We can vary our menu by an occasional antelope, deer, sage rabbit or cotton-tail. In former times there must have been elk also, from the evidences in the debris of the Indian kitchens.

There are in the Cuyamas the remains of several Indian houses of unusually large size. At Waliji, not far from the mouth of the Cuyama, is a large one, about twenty-three feet in diameter. These houses are circular in form, and made by setting boards on end, piling up dirt on the outside, and thatching them with branches filled in with dirt. At Jili Kilimu, near the center of the Cuyamas, are the remains of another very large house, built near two fine springs that never fail in their supply of water.

In the Cuyamas we gather the Indian Arrow (*Frangula Califor-*

nica), in the river bottoms. The trunks and roots are both valuable, and are of a reddish yellow color. It is the arrow-wood of the Indian hunter, who scraped off its bark and straightened it in a groove made in a stone for that purpose. After he had poisoned the obsidian head by dipping it in a putrefied deer's liver which had been poisoned by the bite of a rattlesnake, he was ready to hunt the deer, and kill his enemy with the poisoned arrow.

We here find the juniper very abundant on the poorer grounds. It is a hermit-like plant, growing by itself in steep, difficult places, usually stunted in its growth, although in the Sierras it

MANZANITA.

has been known to grow about one hundred feet high and twelve feet in diameter, at an altitude of from 8000 to 12,000 feet, the only tree that dares to reach that height. The Indians in this county had a peculiar attraction to it, perhaps from its durability after being charred. They used it for head-stones, and had it buried with them, and carried it all over the country for that purpose. Some pieces have been found that must be at least two hundred years old.

Stuffing in our paniers a few choice pieces of spicewood, wild laurel, whose wood is so fragrant, and fine pieces of the manzanita (little apple), the most precious wood of our Western mountain

ranges, and whose little apples are, next to the toyon, the favorite fruit of the grizzly. This wood is found all along the Coast Ranges, but the largest and most beautiful specimens of this variety our wood-hunters find at a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet along the Sierra Nevada range. There are several kinds of this wood. One grows to the height of twenty-five feet, the largest limbs of which are alone available for use. These grow to a thickness of eighteen inches in diameter. Another variety is a little shrub, attaining a height of not more than three or four feet above the ground. The growth is largely into the roots, and these roots furnish the most beautiful material for veneering. Botanists recognize nine undoubted and four or more doubtful species of manzanita in California, ranging from trailing plants to erect shrubs, or small trees from six inches to twenty feet in height. Manzanita requires a great deal of care and experience in the process of seasoning, etc., before it can be utilized for work. To possess a cane from manzanita is a great curiosity.

We will say farewell to the Cuyamas, and home to our workshop to fashion with artistic skill the dainty articles that find their way all over the world, even into palaces, and carry with them the breath of their wild home near the southern channel. Each fragment of wood bears its story on its surface, written by Nature's unerring finger, a story of the country and climate in which it has lived.

Could we but possess the skill to read the tale written in the grain of the wood, we would read of the wet season and the dry season, the sudden wrench of the wind, the fertile soil which produced the regular rapid growth, and the barren hillside which warped and stunted a feeble life ; of years of continued prosperity and times of deprivation.

All these things, illuminated as the old monks' parchments with lovely and varied hues, are told to one who understands the language, by these little wood mosaics.

The most beautiful of all the California woods, in our opinion, is the Garrya Fremontii, which we artists claim is an entirely new variety. On the highest summits of the awful Sierras—whose peaks reaching nearest to the workshop of the Creator, are fashioned of His richest and choicest materials of platinum and gold, of silver and of iron, where, in an atmosphere of transparent

ether, fountains purer than Castillian are springing, the Garrya Fremontii, queen of California woods, is found. The Garrya Fremontii has in its panel the hint of falling waters and whirlpools of foam. In these beautifully finished panels there are no lines but those which Nature herself has traced; no touch of color, no delicate shade, no harmonious blending, no rare respondence answering in outline and conception to cloud, or peak or rocky precipice, to cool running stream or shadowed rock, but was wrought in the growing woods by the unseen yet ever active forces of Nature. The skillful artificer who works in these woods has simply brought out, but added nothing to, their wondrous beauty. No painter could excel them. No designer could work with such exquisiteness of touch and such perfectness of detail. In all the rich grain of woods, in their delicate coloring and rare and varied texture, can be seen the finger of the Infinite. They are a wonderful study, and they stir the soul to mute astonishment with their perfection.

One who has never seen the work that has already been accomplished in the woods of California, and is unacquainted with the high degree of polish of which they are susceptible, would look in silent wonder at some of the productions of artists who have revived the skill and beauty of workmanship that reached such perfection in the old mediæval ages. A lifetime was not considered then too long to spend upon a single article in order to bring it into such perfection that its beauty should become a thing of wonder through the centuries. Fabulous sums have been expended in the purchase of the productions of these old masters, who carved and designed and polished, bringing all the stores of fancy, of skill and patient endeavors to bear upon their work—their poems from the woods, whose story was told in inlaid lines and their rythmical brightness of harmonious natural colors.

Perhaps but few, comparatively, are aware that work as marvelously beautiful as that accomplished by the most skilled artists in wood in the Middle Ages, is even now being executed with the exquisitely beautiful material which is found among the different woods of this State.

The Yosemite.

OUR curiosity not being satisfied with our experiences in Santa Ynez and the Cuyamas, we are determined to see the great valley, and examine into its wonderful beauties and see further specimens of these wonderful wood displays upon their own native, and, in some cases, solitary grounds. A two days' trip brings us to the verge of the mighty brink whose awful majesty and sublimely mute beauty, whose awe-inspiring silence holds him spell-bound who first looks into its enchanted depths, and leaves an impression upon the mind that nothing else on earth can ever efface. Much of this first impression, unfortunately, disappears and fades upon entering the valley, owing to a certain misdirection in the manner of bestowing "improvements," which are, unfortunately, glaringly conspicuous, and suggest to us that "change" would be a better word than "improvement." We recognize some of our vegetable acquaintances of Santa Ynez, however, in the valley. The ceanothus is here in beautiful profusion, the north face of the valley is covered at intervals with the bay (*Umbellularia*), and beautiful specimens of manzanita are scattered at intervals around the valley, hugging, however, closely to the debris at the foot of the great walls; magnificent specimens of the black oak (*Quercus Lobata*) are scattered over the valley bed, their forms pluming over so that, at times, they suggest to us the more rugged forms of the Eastern elm; stunted specimens of the live oak are also occasionally found on the slopes and in the valley. The Berberis Pinnata is also here well represented, while far aloft is seen the solitary and gnarled trunk of an occasional juniper. The various woods here noted are at their best in this locality, gorgeously rich in color and markings, the winter storms and severities which they encounter so near the high summits of the Sierra giving by some natural process great beauty to the wood in color and design.

We will suppose that we have been in the valley long enough to get well rested, and so be in good condition to enjoy our contemplated trips to the various view points now of world-wide celebrity. We will first visit the Vernal and Nevada Falls. Suppose that we, after a somewhat tiresome but yet enjoyable ride in the cool morning, have arrived at the brink of the Vernal Fall, and are gazing over its breast-high natural parapet at the mighty plunge of this wilderness of white foam—and such a hopeless dead-drop!—plunge is the wrong word. The water falls as so much molten lead or quicksilver might, with great, inconceivable rapidity, as it clears the brink, but immediately after, as though it was a ponderous and lifeless weight of molten metal. It takes a practiced eye to note the "arrow-points" of the water here; they are not so pronounced as at the Great Yosemite Fall or the Bridal Fall, but when separated from the down-rushing mass are singularly beautiful and delicate, resembling at the brink a vast mass of fine floating white feathers slowly emptying themselves over the broad edge into the great abyss below. The mist wreathing and encircling the foot of the fall is of a delicate, pale lilac color in contrast to the vivid and burning white of the falling water. Sometimes in the early spring, when the river is very high, a faint suggestion of green is seen in spots near the brink of the fall, adding greatly to its grace and beauty. The green at the foot of the fall is astonishingly vivid; the wet grass shining in the sunlight looks like spots or beds of burnished emerald. Over all this radiance of color and form is seen the gorgeously tender colors of the famous "circular rainbow" seen at this fall. It is impossible to adequately describe the beauty of color and forms at this spot; they must be seen to be realized. Swinging and swaying in the wind-gusts that come up continually from the foot of the fall, is seen most of the shrubbery we have been describing heretofore as growing in the bed of the valley; their various barks and foliage sparkling and glistening from the wet mists which are constantly wafted over them. We must not forget to add that, among all these lesser trees and shrubs, tower in solemn and stately majesty the immovable trunks of the mighty yellow pines, cedars, firs and spruce, their sombre yet delicate foliage giving great contrast to their brighter and more sparkling neighbors nestling at their roots. A short distance above us

leaps out of the great rock wall, "sky high" of a verity, the Nevada Fall, another mass of pure white foam and a trifle over 100 feet high (the Vernal Fall is 350 feet high); and towering yet above is the great "Cap of Liberty," whose summit, nearly 8000 feet above sea level, shows a goodly array of shrubs, among which we suspect some good specimens of that gorgeously colored wood, the Garrya Fremontii, could be culled. A few junipers are also seen along its crest, that have braved the howling gales of winter on its summit for very many generations. The day following this trip we visit the top of the Yosemite Fall, and, if our nerves are steady enough, cautiously approach its edge, 2634 feet above the valley, to take a shuddering glance at over 1600 feet of falling water, making this drop at one plunge. We are here so high that we are among the woods of the higher summits; here we see around us the occasional juniper, also the Williamson spruce, small and stunted manzanita, and various other shrubs that go to make up the beautiful wood specimens on view at Starke's Art Wood Works, Santa Barbara. Returning, we pause, when on a level with the foot of the upper Yosemite Fall, to watch the "arrow-points," which show to the best advantage in this fall. John Muir's description of the Yosemite Fall is the finest ever written, and to that we refer our readers. The mighty and inverted water "rockets" are following each other in ceaseless numbers and profusion, and the whole mass is constantly trembling and swaying in the wind, now so far to the left that its continuity is broken about half-way up, and it drifts in masses of steam-like smoke and mist along the wall face for several seconds. There is a great scarcity of vegetation immediately around the base of this fall—nothing but bare rock, wet and glistening. Our visit to the Bridal Veil is made during a drive around the valley bed; and this fall is similar in action to the great Yosemite Fall, but on a lesser scale. It falls over the most brilliantly colored and variegated of all the wall faces in the valley, however. This fall is 940 feet high from the river, and the rainbows seen along its face in the afternoon are surpassingly lovely. In this particular it is the most beautiful object in the valley.

We visit Mirror Lake, with its charming reflections, and then climb to Glacier Point, to get a view of the whole extended

panorama of the Uppermost Sierra in its beautiful snowy mantle. High towering above us and the valley below, a work of its own creation, we view the jagged line that divides the sky. Within our range of vision we have Mt. Dana, 13,327 feet high; Gray Mountain, 12,000 feet; Tenaya Peak, nearly 11,000 feet; Cathedral Peak, nearly 12,000 feet; Unicorn Peaks, 12,500 feet; the Lyell group, 13,340 feet, the source of the Merced flowing through the valley at our feet; and also Mt. Clark at the Obelisk, 11,000 feet, and various other giants. Nearer us is Mt. Hoffman, 10,872 feet; the great thimble-shaped "South Dome," 9400 feet; Clouds Rest, 10,100 feet, and Mt. Starr King, a complete cone of over 10,000 feet above sea level. Far below us is seen the Nevada and Vernal Falls, and the thundering sound reaches us from their falling waters, even so far and so high as we are above them; it is a panorama to be excelled, or even equaled, but by few on the earth. Around us grow in moderate quantities our favorite woods, at least such as are natives of this altitude (7300 feet). On our way down we pause to catch the view from Moran's Point, named after the famous American artist, Thomas Moran, who painted a fine picture from this point, and it is here we stop to consider the galaxy of artists whose labors have contributed in the greatest degree to give to the Yosemite its world-wide fame. First came Bierstadt, who electrified the American art-loving people with his first Yosemite pictures; then came Moran, followed by Thomas Hill. Hertzog, the great Dusseldorf artist, also worked long in the valley. Robinson, of San Francisco, has made the valley a labor of love also for over eight years, being the most constant of the artists in his residence there. His paintings fill private galleries all over the civilized world, many fine works by this artist being found in the private collections of the English nobility; also of Thomas Hill may be said the same. Though residing most of the time at Wawona, he still makes a specialty of Yosemite; in fact, Thomas Hill is now the recognized authority and leader in Yosemite and Sierra painting. From this point, and also others, have such great men as Starr King, the eminent divine, Horace Greeley, Prof. Whitney, Sam Bowles, John S. Hittell, Prof. Asa Gray, Prof. White, Prof. Fowler, Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, James A. Garfield, U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, the Duke of Suther-

land, Albert D. Richardson, Clarence King, John Muir, and a host of other distinguished people whose names I cannot now recall, taken in the inspiration of the view.

We arrived late at our hotel and retired early, to start in the morning for the Mariposa Grove of big trees. After a ride of 28 miles we find ourselves at Wawona, formerly Clark's Big Tree Station, and after lunch drive 8 miles to the grove. After straining our eyes for a glimpse of a big tree, without a warning we come suddenly upon the famous Grizzly Giant. As the description of one tree will well answer for all the species, we will take notes from this monster. It is 98 feet in circumference and about 200 feet high, the top having evidently suffered in some remote period from wind or snow, or both. It is of a bright cinnamon color, somewhat blackened by fire around the base; its scanty foliage is of a vivid green; its branches are very much contorted and disproportionately large for a single shaft or evergreen species, one limb, about 100 feet from the ground, being over six feet in diameter. It presents a short and "squat" appearance to the eye, but suggests enormous strength; in fact, is well named, and is a grizzled giant. This gnarled and contorted appearance is a feature of the old trees. The younger ones are more symmetrical, and generally taller and more slender in proportion. We journey along and always up, passing several fine trees and groups, and finally approach the upper grove. It is here that one is impressed with the term "big tree," and here in their midst their sublime vastness is felt. We have passed a magnificent tree, towering some 300 feet, called the "Pillar of the Temple," and see to our left, "Lincoln" (26 feet diameter), "Washington" (29 feet 8 inches diameter), besides hosts of others of lesser size and note, and stand at the cabin between the two giants, "Gen. Grant" (28 feet diameter), and "Ohio" (30 feet diameter), both about 300 feet high. In the rear is seen the tall, slender shaft of "Felicie," the tallest measured tree in the grove, being 334 feet high and some 20 or more in diameter. Following around we pass "Massachusetts," "Columbus," drive through "Wawona" (28 feet diameter), and pass the "Queen of the Forest," a fine tree, and slowly wend our way homeward. The Sequoia Gigantea or "Mammoth Tree" of California, is found in greatest profusion about the headwaters of the Kern and Kings

rivers, and Kaweah plateau. It occupies in groups and scattered clusters in this region, a space of some 25 miles wide by 50 or more long. This is called by John Muir, our best authority on the subject, the great Kaweah forest. After leaving this region it occupies in scattered groups, spots between the altitudes of 4500 and 6000 feet, along a further stretch or ridge of the Sierra, of some 150 miles. There is in due order, working our way to the north, first, the Fresno Grove, then the Mariposa, then the Merced Group on the Coulterville road, then the Tuolumne Group on the Big Oak Flat road, and lastly, the famous and pioneer Grove of Calaveras, where the species was first discovered, and where the trees average taller than those of any other grove. Along the altitudes where the big tree grows, we noticed in plenty all of the different shrubs and trees which are used in our collections of woods, displayed in the various specimens of workmanship which we have here in Santa Barbara, also at Yosemite, where this line of work was first introduced, and again at Wawona. During the midsummer months the weather is very dry and warm in the gorges of the Sierras, relieved occasionally by a dash of rain. Generally, the weather is very pleasant, the nights are found cool and the water delicious. We cordially commend our townsmen and our readers at large, to take a trip to the mountains, and see the Big Trees and Yosemite.

Santa Barbara.

AMONG her rivals the city of Santa Barbara sits the queen on the amphitheatre of the Santa Ynez Range. Here, within a radius of 40 miles, is found all that can delight the seeker for health and pleasure, knowledge and profit. Land and sea, mountain and island, cañon and arroyo, tree and flower, under a cloudless sky, combine to realize the artist's dream of an earthly Paradise.

It is proposed to give the tourist a table of the principal objects of interest in the immediate vicinity of Santa Barbara, and their distances from the post-office:

Old Mission	1 mile.
Fern Falls, Mission Cañon	3 miles.
Seven Falls	6 miles.

UP THE COAST.

Castle Rock	1 mile.
Light House	3 miles.
Cathedral Oaks	7 miles.
Stow's Ranch	10 miles.
Bartlett's Cañon	6 miles.
Glen Annie	13 miles.
Ellwood Cooper's	15 miles.
Tecolete	16 miles.
El Capitan	22 miles.
Gaviota Pass	38 miles.

DOWN THE COAST.

Montecito	3 miles.
Mammoth Grape Vine	4 miles.
Summerland	6 miles.
Hot Sulphur Springs	7 miles.
Johnson's Orange Orchard	6 miles.
Carpenteria	10 miles.
Heath's Walnut Grove (180 acres)	11 miles.

EAST.

Smith's Cañon	14 miles.
Casitas Pass	18 miles.
Ojai Valley	35 miles.

WEST.

Goleta	9 miles.

Another locality of special interest is "La Piedra Pintada," the Painted Rock or Painted Cave, as variously designated. This is a series of painted records, made by Indians belonging to tribes which are at this time unknown to us. The paintings are in a cavity which measures about twenty feet wide and eight feet high, situated under a projecting rock. It is some thirteen miles west of Santa Barbara, near the summit of the Santa Ynez Mountains and may be reached from the stage-road over the San Marcos Pass, from which a trail leads to the Cave.

Dr. W. J. Hoffman, of the Smithsonian Institution, refers to this locality as being the best preserved and one of the most important painted records on the Pacific Coast.

LOVERS OF ART

Should visit Ford's Studio, Starke's Wood Art Museum, and the Rooms of the Natural History Society.

SCIENTISTS

Will be repaid by a visit to the collections of Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates.

THE OPEN TRAILS OVER THE SANTA YNEZ MOUNTAINS ARE:

1. The Montecito Trail, leading from Romero's Cañon over the Santa Ynez Mountains to the Blue Cañon. The excursion by this trail to the summit of the Santa Ynez and return can be easily made in one day. The view from the summit, an elevation of 4000 feet above the level of the sea, extends to the town of Santa Ynez, in the direction of Los Alamos, 45 miles. It embraces the Santa Barbara Valley, the channel and islands, San Nicholas Island, 80 miles, and sometimes Santa Catalina.

2. The Cold Springs Cañon Trail leads over the Santa Ynez Range to the upper quicksilver mines, 25 miles from Santa Barbara.

3. The Oil Cañon.

4. The Casitas Pass Cañon.

5. The Mission Cañon Trail is easy. On the summit is a fine camp-ground, near a stream. The trail leads to the lower quicksilver mines, near the Santa Ynez river. It is now, unfortunately, closed.

6. West of the Mission is the Arroyo Burro Trail.

7. The Stage Route over the San Marcos Pass to the Santa Ynez Valley, 45 miles, affords magnificent views. The fare to Los Alamos is $5.00, and the Home Station, 4 miles from the foot of the mountain, will accommodate tourists.

TROUT FISHING.

The fishing season begins on the first day of April, and ends with September. The Santa Ynez river and its tributaries are favorite resorts for the angler.

HUNTING.

In the cañons and mountain recesses, within a day's ride, are found the grizzly bear, mountain lion, lynx, wildcat, coyote, fox, badger, polecat, squirrel, quail and mountain quail. Four grizzlies now are known to range between Indian Mono Caliente and Joucol. In 1890 four were seen in Blue Cañon. The same year the well-known hunter, J. C. Petersen, of Santa Barbara, 12 miles above the Santa Ynez river, at Caliente, followed a grizzly 1¼ miles, whose track measured 14 inches in length and 7 inches across the toes. Said he to the writer: "Nothing will restore health like camping, fishing and hunting in this region. If a man is three parts dead, he is bound to get well over the mountain. Mr. G——, the New York banker, came here, hardly able to walk. After a while he could ride in a day 45 miles on a mule, from Loma Peloma, at the head of Mono Cañon, to Santa Barbara." There is good hunting and fishing along the Santa Ynez Creek, a tributary of the Santa Ynez. There is the Big Grape Vine, which covers several acres of ground.

THE EXCURSION OF SPENCE AND PETERSEN.

Petersen's narrative of a hunting and fishing excursion along the Santa Cruz is here recorded:

"Not long ago John Spence, the Santa Barbara nurseryman and florist, and myself crossed the mountain by the Painted Cave Trail, and camped the first night on the Santa Ynez river. In crossing the Red Rock Cañon Creek our pack donkey fell into the stream. His foot was caught between two rocks. Spence declared he could hear the bones crack. I finally succeeded in lifting one of the rocks, and the donkey escaped without injury. We were compelled to camp there that night. The following day we camped on the old Indian Rancheria on the Santa Cruz Creek. The next day we had plenty of fish and venison. I shot a deer on Pine Mountain. After two days we proceeded seven miles toward the head of the creek, and encamped on another old Indian Rancheria. In the morning we began to fish; Spence went up the stream and I down. Having fished a long time, we became hungry and started for the camp, which Spence reached first, having made a fire and fried four or five panfuls of trout before I came. He had laid the balance of his trout on a gunny-sack, to show me what a big catch he had made. I had fished in large, deep holes, and my fish were larger, though less numerous, than Spence's. We ate an enormous lot of trout. After disposing of a half-dozen panfuls, Spence remarked: 'I don't care much for trout.' The next day we rode to the Big Grape Vine, and killed a deer on our way back. The country there is very wild. We saw where a grizzly had dug a deep trench near the Big Grape Vine.

"The next morning we followed the northwesterly branch of the Santa Cruz to a very wild place, where Spence found a species of fern new to this region. He sent a specimen to the Smithsonian Institution. Being a florist, he hunted for plants, and I for deer. Hearing a shot from his direction, I found he had killed a large rattlesnake. He was reaching out to gather ferns when he saw a large rattler. He was about to seize a stick near him to strike him, when, to his surprise, he saw that the supposed stick was a second rattler; whereupon he shot No. 2 and No. 1 escaped.

"We followed the cañon until we reached the pines, when,

observing that the tracks of grizzlies were very large and numerous, we decided that it was time to return to camp for lunch. We were gone about two weeks."

A walk through the old Spanish town should not be omitted.

Lovers of the beautiful in nature should not fail to ride along the beach at low tide by moonlight.

A view of the sunset from the Barker Eucalyptus Grove, on the summit of the foothill north of Santa Barbara, and a sail with Larco, the fisherman, are noteworthy.

Reliable information respecting the scenery, climate, soil and social conditions of the city and county of Santa Barbara is found in Rev. A. W. Jackson's "Barbariana."

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.